

Yorkshire.

1. General Survey.

One can look carefully at the map of Yorkshire without being struck by the almost insular completeness & self-dependence of the country, & by the singular variety of its features.

There is a great mountain region girdling up the west & occupying a third of the country: then succeeds a wide alluvial plain, the valley of the Ouse; then, still to the east, two distinct hill countries of different characters, the one in the north-east, the other in the south-east; & lastly, beyond the south-eastern hills, is a low maritime plain. Wide valleys intersect the hill & mountain regions, as the Val of Pickering, dividing the Eastern Moorlands from the Chalk Wolds, & Ribblesdale, dividing the mountain mass of the west into two distinct regions, north-west & south-west. Besides these wide valleys, innumerable dales cut up the western & the north-eastern uplands, forming the picturesque beauty of ^{the country.} Yorkshire.

Its long seaboard on the North Sea enables Yorkshire to command the trade of the Baltic, the fishing of the Northern Sea; it has its great-sea-seaports; its green watering places, its less ambitious health resorts. The strata displayed by the sea cliffs, the fossils laid bare, are most interesting to the geologist: but perhaps of these cliffs are of commercial value - jet & alum. Here you may see in action the two great processes to which the horizontal contours of the land are due - the carrying away of the old & the laying down of the new.

But it is the river system of Yorkshire which marks it out as a distinct province, a country within a country. In the Western Moors, we have the great watershed of Northern England, the line of 'heaven-ways' drainage, where the rivers of Yorkshire, its chief exceptions, gather their waters. These form

the scene of the famous battle of the Marston, (1138),
commands a fine view of the wide fertile plain
of York, shut in on the east by the Hambleton Hills.
There are not many important towns in this
agricultural district; Thirsk, however, ~~some~~
~~smaller~~ further south, is a pleasant, rather picturesque
little market town, with an interesting church. South
of it is Easingwold, another pleasant little
town, seated in a woody country. From the
hill on which Crayke Castle stands, beyond the
town, you get a glorious view of the great plain
with its bounding hills, the towers of the
Minister to the south. Baron Bunsen pronounced
this of York 'the most beautiful & the most romantic
vale in the world,' with the single exception of the
vale of Normandy, a description which is, perhaps,
only ^{fully} justified by the fact, that York, amongst
the most ancient & interesting of English cities,
is seated in the Vale.

The history of York is the history of England; &
the walls, the Minister, the Churches, the Castle,
the fragments of ancient buildings that remain,
are all so many deeply interesting chronicles
of the past. There is no doubt that the Romans found
a British town here - a market probably, for Caer Eborac -
the British town was named, occupied just the situation
for a market town. It was doubtless one of the towns
in which Agricola encouraged the people to congregations &
build houses, temples, baths & banqueting houses.
Ptolemy mentions the fact that the 6th Legion was quartered
at Eboracum; (the Roman name of the city) ^{after it, evidence that they held it for three centuries} & the Roman name of the city. Amongst
the remains preserved in the Hospitium of St. Mary's Abbey
are evidences of the ^{presence} of other legions - a broken altar

Above the Ghastrells

We have made Grassington our head-quarters, because, while it affords perfect air & a delightful prospect, it is a convenient point from which to make pedestrian excursions to all the interesting points of the valley, above & below, to say nothing of the heads of Airedale & Ribblesdale. The 'Royal Mail Omnibus', which runs daily between Thipton & Rookden, stopping at Grassington, Kettlewell & the same principal villages on the way, may afford a timely lift by the way to those who are not good pedestrians; but this delightful valley deserves to be walked, every foot of it. Only the pedestrian can linger over charming 'peeps', stop to explore a cave, examine & curiously rock, or hunt for fossils, climb the shoulder of a fell for an extended view, follow up a side valley, or chat with the villagers as to the prospects of the hay - where harvest is nothing here - the yield of fruit, the way he must take & the distance he must travel. Unless he is a dilettante, the tourist will not always find it easy to follow the directions he receives. For instance, save for the pointing finger, what would he make of "a hair coat to Rookden"? The villages of craven have a well-to-do aspect though they are not often picturesque in themselves. The well-known description of Sawthorpe & Gairley to Grassington, & the many villages of the

West Riding, which are built upon the slope of a hill, & hence, have one long steep street, with the paving stones set on end to give some foot-hold to the horses. The ideal village of the south, with cottage gardens, thatched roofs, & rows of honey-suckles climbing over the white-washed walls forming a shady porch before the door, is not to be met with in Craven. The houses ~~are usually built of a dark~~ & have a somewhat somber appearance, being usually built of dark grit, rough-hewn, which is quarried in the district. ^{They} are strongly roofed, the roofing being often steadied with heavy stones as in Swiss villages. In Craven, like the Alpine valleys, are subject to ~~severe~~ ^{the effects of} terrific storms of wind & rain, during which the village street is a river, full grown trees are torn up, ~~up the~~ ^{rocks} boulders are hurled along, masses of Crag, torn from their substance, pour down the sides of the fells, & only the stoutest human habitations are able to resist the fury of the elements.

So almost every ^{home} ~~village~~ is attached to a laithes (couthouse & barn) which opens on the street, & does not add to the neat appearance of the village though it is pleasantly suggestive of Craven milk.

Conistone, the first village we arrive at in our route up the valley, is charming. It is most picturesquely placed in a nest of lofty hills, & the well-built, prosperous looking farm houses, with gardens & pink covered walls,

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the village may. pole, the pretty little church,
the clucking hens & the healthy happy looking
children, present a perfect picture of an
English village. The rugged hill to the east, which
is called Conistone Pie, represents not-
inaptly the Old Man of the Cumbrian
Conistons